

The Great Crusade—Are You in it? Why not?

THE WAR CRY



WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

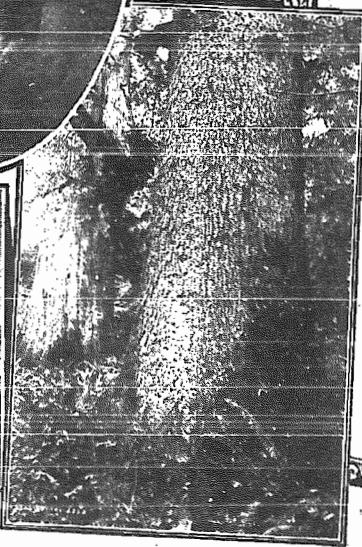
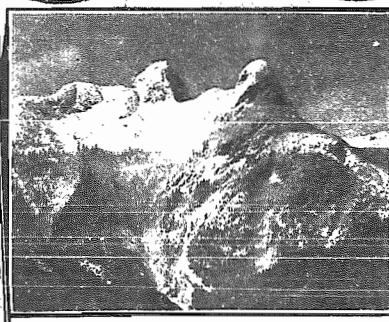
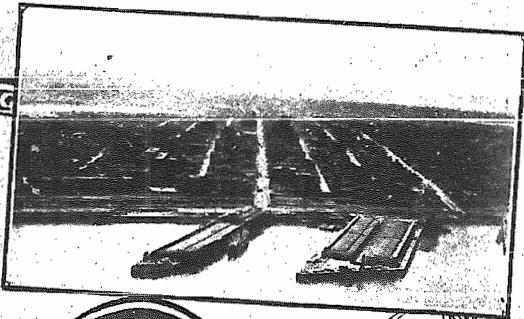
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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



THE VANCOUVER CONGRESS

VIEWS OF THE METROPOLIS OF THE BRITISH PACIFIC

1.—Canadian National Railways Station (C.N.R. photo). 2.—Vancouver from the air—new C.P.R. Pier on right (C.P.R. photo). 3.—Granville Street—one of the City's main thoroughfares (C.N.R. photo). 4.—The Mountain Guardians of the City—"The Lions" (Copyright photo—Franks, Vancouver).

5.—Big timber in Stanley Park—as the City appeared fifty years ago.

Jesus

The answer to our doubts, the spring of our courage, the earnest of our hopes, the charm omnipotent against our foes, the remedy for weakness, the supply of our wants, the fullness of our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess Jesus' power. Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption. Jesus! our elder brother, our Lord and Redeemer. His name is the most transporting theme of The Salvation Army as they sing going to their home on the mount of God. Thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of Heaven, while the angels and the redeemed unite their exalting, adoring song around the Throne of God.

Crusade DONT'S

Some Mistakes that Salvationists

Speakers Should Avoid

The following Don'ts are from the pen of a well-known soul-winner:

Don't exaggerate.

Don't fool with doubts.

Don't let success tip you over.

Don't snub anybody.

Don't make long public prayers. Tediums petitions drag heavily.

Don't mumble your words. Chew your food, but not your language.

Don't give long addresses.

Don't be cold in your delivery.

Don't speak in one tone. The voice has numerous keys; play on as many as possible.

Don't harp too much on one string. Variety is pleasing, and God's Word gives ample choice of themes.

Don't tire people out with long introductions. You can spoil the appetite for dinner by too much thin soup.

Don't neglect study and closet prayer. The finest human pipes give forth no music unless filled with the Divine breath.

Don't seek the praise of men. Speak in such a way that they will not be so much pleased with you as they are displeased with themselves.

Don't bawl or scream. Too much water stops mill wheels, and too much voice drowns sense. Thunder is harmless, lightning strikes.

Don't drop your voice at the close of a sentence. The effect is practically lost. Your audience has as much need to hear the end as the beginning.

Don't forget the boys and girls. Their attention is well worth gaining, and you may be able to reach older hearts through younger ones.

STEPS

Out of Christ means, lost. In Christ means, saved. To be in Christ we must first come into Christ. The inspired Word of God, the only infallible guide, tells us how to come into Christ.

Opportunity—

How do you meet it?

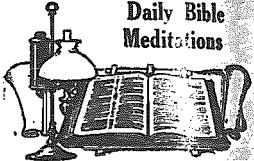
There appeared to a beggar one day, by the wayside, a beautiful being, with outstretched hands laden with treasures. As he gazed at her in stupid surprise she glided past him; but she returned with her treasures still held out to him, and once more, with beseeching eyes, as if she would compel him to take what she offered, she passed slowly by and disappeared. She had no sooner gone than, as if wakening from a dream, he hurried eagerly in the direction she had taken. He met a traveller, and said, "Have you seen a beautiful stranger, with her hands full of the very things I want, going along the road?" "Yes," replied the traveller; "her name is Opportunity. But once offered, and once refused, she never returns."

How true this is. How many allow the precious gifts of Salvation, Holiness, Service, to glide past them never to return.

GOD'S PROPERTY

Are you fearless for Him in workshop, street, or home

Daily Bible Meditations



Sunday, Mark 14: 17-19. "One of you . . . shall betray me." "Is it I?" The disciples never intended to betray

To CHRIST

If you have taken these steps, sincerely, you are in Christ. Now, to abide in Christ you must live daily in obedience to His Word. (See 2 Pet. 1: 21; 1 Thes. 5: 16-22; 1 John 4: 11-21; Rom. 8: 35-39.)

Are you in Christ?

their Master. They said they would die with Him and they meant it. They failed through thinking themselves so strong that there was no need to watch. Let us guard against the subtle temptations of the Evil One. He knows, often better than we do, our weak points, and in our unguarded moments, will assail us just there.

Monday, Mark 14: 32-50.—"Simon, steepest thou?" Oh to live up to our profession! We are so bold in asserting our love and then when a slight test comes we fail so miserably. Instead of blaming Peter, let us judge ourselves. How often Jesus has needed to arouse us from our sleep of indifference, when we should have been intent on sharing His glory over sin, and His efforts to save sinners.

Tuesday, Mark 14: 51-65.—"Peter followed Him afar off." Through his sleeping instead of watching and praying, temptation finds Peter lacking, the strongest trial of prayer which we may bring him. So after one rash act in defense of his Master, Peter's courage and faith fail him, and fear for his own safety takes the place of loyalty to his Lord. Soon, seated among the Saviour's enemies, he openly declares, "I know not the Man." Beware! Neglecting prayer always leads to spiritual decline and defeat.

Wednesday, Mark 14: 66-72.—"When he thought thereon, he wept." Are you grieving bitterly over some failure or sin? Take comfort from this story of Peter's sin and sorrow. Repent sincerely as he did, and you will receive the same loving and full forgiveness. Like Peter you too may then go forth to live for Him who so freely forgave you.

"The past is a story told."

The future may be left in gold."

Thursday, Mark 15: 1-21.—"He answered nothing." Perhaps you live or work with those who, because of your religion, find fault with or unjustly accuse you. This is hard to bear and the Devil may tempt you to say bitter things in return. The way of real victory, however, lies in following the example of Him who endured in silence "the contradiction of sinners against Himself."

Friday, Mark 15: 22-38.—"They crucified Him."

"And on His thorn-crowned Head,
And on His sinless Soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole."

In every time of need,
Before Thy Judgment throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll lead;
Thy merits, not my own.

Yet work, O Lord, in me
As Thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be...
To grace Thy love has brought...

Saturday, Mark 15: 39-47.—"As I laid Him in a sepulchre." How alone the Lord's followers must have been! In an agony of loving sorrow they laid Him in the tomb and quite forgot His promise that He would rise again. Are you broken-hearted because some one you loved, who followed the Saviour, has been laid in the grave? Take courage! Your dear one is only waiting for you on the other side of the curtain which we call death.

A Word on Words

"Sound speech, that cannot be condemned."

LET the words of my mouth . . . be acceptable in Thy sight O Lord . . ." prayed the psalmist David when he saw how perfect the law, testimony, statutes, and commandments of the Lord were. The wise, like David, give due regard to this important matter, seeking always to use "sound speech, that cannot be condemned" (Titus ii. 8).

Importance of speech

"What is it which makes men different?" asked Charles Kingsley, "different from all other living things we know of? Is it not speech?" The power of words! These glorious things—words—are man's right alone, part of the image of the Son of God—the Word of God, in which man was created. Yet it is very evident that many have not realized the glory and importance of words." "The pen is mightier than the sword," is a familiar adage, and most people believe in the influence and power of the written word—the right use of the gift of speech

As colors to the painter, so are words to the wise public speaker, and not only to the public speaker, but in our private everyday conversing we would do well to use the right word at the right time, carefully selecting our words and using them to the best advantage.

A wise old owl lived in an oak;
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard;
Why can't we all be like that bird?
There are lines conveying a very important lesson, namely, that we ought to keep our ears alert, learning from over-much speaking, and always seeking to know when to be silent, attentively listening and profiting by the words of others. He who knows not how to hold his tongue, will never know how to talk; for the obvious reason that he who talks much and unrestrainedly, will seldom say anything worth hearing.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Proverbs 25:11.

Remember the Founder's Stirring Charge:

"Go for Souls and Go for the Worst"

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska
 Founder William Booth
 General International Headquarters
 London, England
 Territorial Commander
 Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
 317-319 Carlton St.,
 Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All editorial communications should be addressed to the General, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

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Extracts from The General's Journal

(Arranged by Lt.-Colonel H. L. Taylor)

Studying and Helping Correspondents—Dole Mischiefs—The Army again shows the way —In contact with Chinese wounded— Indian Hopes and Hindrances

Mansion No. 4,
New Jerusalem,

January 29, 1927

Congratulations on the union of free and progressive Methodists! We are in hearty sympathy with your joint administration, and to be under the intermingled, the larger hope, the higher criticism and universal redemption—and victory is ours.

(Signed) John and Charles Wesley

But this same Conference has taken a great step forward in one matter—it has decided, by a considerable majority, to admit women to its ministry. I do unfeignedly rejoice! Once more The Army is justified and is shown to have led the way.

Monday, 19th—Another most beautiful day. To the Castle in the afternoon—one of the most striking castellated ruins I have seen. Dates from A.D. 800; apparently built to meet the attacks of the Danes. Took tea in a hedge—delightful!

Every sign about here of an abundant harvest, Country people in these parts seem to be more prosperous than in some others.

In my mail today a very interesting letter from Dr. Arthur Swan, one of our medics working in Peking. He says:

Nearly seven years ago "The War Cry" began publication of extracts from the General's Journal, and this much-valued feature thenceforth appeared with more or less regularly until January, 1927. How widespread was the appreciation of the intimate contact with the General's thoughts and doings thus afforded, was abundantly evidenced by the numerous expressions of appreciation which constantly reached us, not only from readers in the Homeland, but in every part of the world—not only also from Salvationists but those representing every class and station; it has been still further emphasized by the continuous requests for fresh instalments of the Journal.

Saturday, July 10, 1926—As is usually the case on my return from Campaigns, a great accumulation of work—Arranged method of attacking it. Feel tired—scarcely to be wondered at!

Tuesday, 13th—Must take my furlough earlier than usual this year in order to avail of doing certain work later on.

Cleared up this morning with the Chief, who has indeed a full list!

Many letters. Some of my correspondents deeply interest me. Their letters enable me to study them though I have not met them. Their experiences often greatly surprise me; nay, the differences in them even stagger me! One man seems to carry more or less easily what to another is an overwhelming burden. In one, I see self-control, self-restraint, steady purpose, and aspiring love. In another, a wobbling spirit, a changing outlook, an ineffective purpose. But, glory be to God! I am encouraged to help them because He is sufficient for both!

Wednesday, 14th First day of this year's furlough. Arrived at the sea last night with F. about 9:30. My dearest in bright spirits.

A correspondent of *The Times* in one of the northern coal areas sends the following statement as to the attitude of mind of many miners:

"All we want for this," he told me. "is that you want for me to go down the pit and work me sowl out for thirty-nine bob a week, when I can get forty-eight bob for overtime. And if you stop me from getting Mebbie, as these scabs would be better employed, but dissent thou see me point out that Am can live better deeding now than if Am was well."

Here we have evidence of the miserable moral deterioration which the whole

dole system induces—and perhaps that is

the greatest of all its mischievous results.

Saturday, 17th—Worked well today till 2 o'clock. M. (the Secretary accompanying the General as usual on furlough) very attentive. Large and interesting mail. Fear there is no hope of dear Mrs. R.'s recovery.

At 3 went on to the Commons. Very restful, though not much walking.

Sunday, 18th—Worked some hours. Mind alert. Praise God!

Walked with F. a glorious day—one of Nature's show occasions! What a mystery is the presence of evil with its consequent suffering. But surely of all the ways of dealing with the problem of pain the most futile is to deny it! The Christian Scientists, in their insistence on faith, make a good beginning; but, alas! in trying to meet evil and suffering they fall into the greatest blunder of denying its reality. The mystery is not denied one whit less ballying by that!

I see that the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, by a large majority, has decided to legislate for union in one body of the three Methodist Connexions in the United Kingdom. I am sorry, for I do not believe the Kingdom of God on earth gains by such combinations. In one way, of course, we must all rejoice in the healing of divisions in the body of Christ. I remember John Wesley's own pronouncement that "those who leave the Church, leave us." We feel sure such a union as now proposed must make for decline in aggressive effort for the saving of souls and the spread of Scriptural Holiness.

I am reminded of a satire on a former method of union of other Methodist bodies in the form of a "letter" from the other world:

The refugee camp was a sad sight; never have I seen such a neglect of health, poverty, filth, numbers, and manners made it a real effort to overcome one's feelings of repulsion and get through the day. Yet, viewing it from this side of the events, one realizes that it was just the finest chance possible to show them that the love of Jesus is a reality.

Tuesday, 20th—Only worked an hour or two. Rain!

Sir Henry and Lady S. came in to tea. We had a long and interesting talk about Indian and Indian affairs and problems with which thirty years' residence has wonderfully acquainted him. He has not very great confidence in the Indians making good use of the Chelmsford Montague Scheme, although he hopes for the best. He wonders, at his age, if he might not get "Yes" and told him what His Highness the Aga Khan said to him on that point: "Do your utmost to get the best men in!" A speech by Lord Irwin, the new Viceroy, yesterday tracing nearly all the quarrelling in Indian life back to the religions and religious intolerance, a little strong.

Speaking of our work for women, Sir Henry told me that some time ago, as a member of the Legislative Council, he was on a Select Committee for considering a Bill to protect young girls (14-15) from base men. Both Hindus and Mohammedans supported, and yet they opposed! A very advanced and influential leader said, when the question of placing such girls in circumstances of safety arose, that as there were no homes except those provided by Christians, he would have none of it! But he did not know *The Army and its work!*

(To be continued)



Through a special appeal issued by Mrs. General Booth one thousand children of the London slums were given a delightful New Year's Party. The General is here seen with Mrs. Booth distributing toys to the little ones.

power," he said: "not its books, papers, numbers, good deeds, organization, but its power with God and in leading men to Salvation. Have you not proved it for yourselves?"

They had, many times, and because this beloved seer of their circumstances knew also the hardness of the road and spoke of the weariness of the thorny way, feeling became so deep that many were moved to higher resolves.

"The Army's real power is its spiritual

Solemn Call for Service

Less than half an hour separated the Local Officers' Council and the Soldiers' Meeting, and less than an hour after the close of the Soldiers' Meeting the General was once again on the platform for the Public Watch-Night Service. The streets around the Congress Hall, with their aimless and noisy crowds of merrymakers, were in themselves sufficient evidence of the need of the General's solemn call for

service. For the key-words to this gathering let us peep over the shoulder of a newspaper reporter and read his notes.

"Yield yourself to God in family life, in practical conduct, in dress, habits, thoughts—all the General's address concerned religion as applied to every-day life."

The hundreds who were present, some from long distances, will testify to the accuracy of this impression by one who had never attended an Army Meeting before.

Intimate Atmosphere

No formal gathering assembled to watch the Old Year out and the New Year in could have attained a more intimate atmosphere. Very early in the Meeting The General abandoned the upper platform. He wanted to get down to his people, even as did Colonel Allister Smith in his robust expounding of an appropriate and typically pioneer's theme—"It takes all kinds of weather to make a climate. It takes all kinds of experience to mould a character. Give your will up to God and press on!"

Lt.-Colonel Dickerson at Edmonton

Home Meetings, Jail Services, Hostel Gatherings, and a Salvation Wedding make up a weekend of Social Salvation

In our last issue we made a brief mention of some Lt.-Colonel Dickerson's activities during his weekend in Edmonton, and those who know of the Colonel's delight in the Salvation War—and there are many such—will understand that he put in some energetic hours. We know, also, something about Major Oake's whereabouts, and one can very easily understand that the united efforts of the Colonel and the Major would result in some desperate dcdoes, to say nothing of the ready assistance in those efforts of Adjutant and Mrs. Stewart.

There was much in his morning address at the Bonnie Doon Home which warmed the hearts of his hearers, and the result of five of those men expressing a keener desire for the things of God pleased us all. The afternoon Meetings at Fort Saskatchewan Jail were great. We had had our wonderments as to whether the state of the road, and the antics of the car, would enable us to make the journey, but all those efforts were worth while. Eighteen men were expressive in their desire after better things, and in the succeeding Women's Meeting, a further evidence was shown.

The night gathering in the Hostel, so warm and hearty in its atmosphere, and so heartily Salvionally in the singing of songs and choruses, was a final treat for the day. And we joined with our Citadel comrades at the United rally in no unenthusiastic manner. We are all alive for the Crusade.

A "Social" Wedding

In the eyes of some people, a'ny rate, however, the Monday night Meeting was the most important of the Colonel's activities, when he conducted the wedding of Captain Agnes Walker, of the Kildonan Home Services, and Captain Stanley Calder of the Men's Social Department. The ceremony was performed in the No. 2 Hall which was crowded to capacity; Adjutant Sutherland Stewart assisted.

The bride was supported by Lieutenant Daisy Barclay, of Grace Hospital, and Lieutenant Ralph Webster, of Red Deer, officiated as best man. Appropriate selections were rendered by the Band and Songster Brigade of Edmonton Citadel.

The addresses of the various speakers were pleasing and acceptable, and very kind in their complimentary thoughts. The crowd loudly applauded when the bride and bridegroom rose to speak, leaving no doubt as to the wishes of their friends.

After the ceremony about one hundred guests partook of supper prepared by the members of the Corps Home League. Many congratulatory telegrams and messages of goodwill were received during the evening by Captain and Mrs. Calder, and these were read to the assembled guests.

Captain and Mrs. Calder left that evening to spend a short holiday in Vancouver.

Both Captain and Mrs. Calder entered Training in 1922, being members of the Valiant Session. The Captain comes out of Virden, and Mrs. Calder from Melville. Captain Calder has served two terms in the Edmonton Men's Social Department, and has also been stationed at Lacombe and Innisfail. Mrs. Calder has been stationed at the Regina Women's Home, the Winnipeg Grace Hospital, the Edmonton Hospital, and Kildonan.—E.S.

A New Start—Try Again

We have all heard about the storm-driven ship whose crew was half frantic for water. At last another ship came near, and they cried, "Water! Water! we are perishing with thirst." "Dip down into the ocean," was the answer; for they were off the Amazon, which hurlis its mighty flood of fresh water far out into the briny Atlantic.

In the same way there are many who are looking for a fresh start, a new chance, who have the opportunity every day of their lives if they will only reach out and take it. "Every day is a fresh beginning."

God is constantly inviting us to make a fresh start—a new beginning. "Take Him at His word, start afresh. 'They that drink of this water shall never thirst again.'



Winnipeg, January 26th, 1928

We hear that the Chief Secretary spent a very profitable morning with the Cadets at the Garrison on Tuesday last.

Our ever-ready and versatile friend, Envoy Hawley, tells us in a private note that the Send-off of the Alberta Officers to the Vancouver Congress was a great Go. It is nice to hear this sort of thing. Our comrade also remarks that Staff-Captain Merritt "has pep-plus." We know all about that, but we would have liked a report of the Meeting.

Hearty congratulations to Ensign Johnston, of Kildonan; we are always glad when somebody gets a move up.

A touching incident occurred at Edmonton II in connection with the visit of Brigadier Taylor. With the penitents who knelt at the Mercy-Seat there was one poor sister, weeping, not for herself, but for her boy, whose waywardness is a great source of prayerful anxiety to his mother. The Field Secretary was very tender in his request that prayer should be made for the erring lad, and we believe that our sister found much comfort in her act of faith, and will eventually be rewarded in the salvation of her son.

Captain Halvorsen, of Roblin, tells us that recently he met a farmer who wished him to convey to the right quarter his appreciation of the radio efforts of the Winnipeg Citadel Band last winter. We pass on the thanks here with.

The Hour of God. "I have been after that man's soul for the last twelve months," said a comrade at Winnipeg Citadel last Sunday night, as he saw the man in question at the Mercy-Seat.

If you live in or near Winnipeg, do not forget the "Day of Intercession" at the Garrison on Thursday, February 2nd. The Commissioner will be leading from 11-12 a.m.; 3 p.m., and 8 p.m. onwards.

Some structural alterations are in progress at Territorial Headquarters. You won't know your way around when they're done, but we still have the same upward look in the Editorial Department.

A few weeks ago mention was made in a League of Mercy report of a Vote of Thanks moved by the Senior Military Patients at Winnipeg General Hospital—Sgt. F. R. Webster. Our friend has since "passed over." One of our compatriots spoke to us feelingly about his pal's "promotion."

We would like to hear from a-field about Plans for the Siege. Winnipeg Divisional Staff and F.O.'s are well ahead with their proposals. "Solo-bombardments" by the D.C., Mrs. Steele, and other Officers are to be special features. Some T.H.Q. Officers are down for similar duty.

A recently received report from Saskatoon 1 Home League tells of four women who have found Salvation as a result of its Meetings; these comrades are now on the Corps Roll. A real League that.

A visitor to the Editorial attic a few days ago was Captain Vote, of International Falls, U.S.A.; on one of those convoy duties which sometimes fall to the lot of Army Officers. We were very glad to see her.

A little girl was discovered by her mother with a pencil and a piece of paper. "What are you doing?" asked her mother. "I am drawing God," replied the little girl. "But you can't do that," said the mother; "nobody has seen God, and nobody knows what He looks like." "They'll have to make up the little girl. At least reading you may not see the point of this story, but if you think long enough you will find it. To our mind the suggested query is, "How do we present God?"



Captain and Mrs. Calder, recently wedded at Edmonton, with Lieutenants Webster and Barclay (See Col. 1).

The Commissioner's Appointments

BRANDON Friday-Monday, February 3-6

MOOSE JAW Wednesday-Thursday, February 8-9

REGINA Friday-Monday, February 10-13

Also Young People's Councils as intimated on page 3.

The Field Secretary makes a quick visit to Victoria

Five New Instruments Presented and Praised Given to God

For the first time the triumphant strain of Army Band music was heard in the Victoria First United Church on Thursday, January 20, on the occasion of the Musical Festival in connection with the presentation of five "Triumphant" instruments. Much excitement and interest had been aroused owing to the wide advertising of this great event, and the Church was filled to capacity. Mr. Reginald Hayward, M.I.A., the Chairman for the occasion, was introduced by Commandant Hedley Jones, the Corps Officer, following the opening song, and prayer by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, and thereafter efficiently piloted the Meeting.

A splendid programme had been arranged, and under the capable and efficient leadership of Bandmaster Hornbuckle, swung through to a magnificent conclusion, when Brigadier Taylor, the Field Secretary, and specially invited to Victoria for the occasion, led the Band in "The Fighting-Line" March. Other Band items included "Entreaty," and "Psalms and Silas," "Hiding Place from every storm," "Cleansing Flow," selections Air Varie, "While the Days are going by," and the hymn tune, "Sandown."

Two vocal solos, "The Lord is My Light," and "Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre," and a recitation "The Minor Chord," added pleasing variety to the program. Interspersed between the various items was the presentation of the instruments, this being the end of their long journey from The Salvation Army Instrument Factory at St. Albans, England, to Victoria, B.C. One trombone, one banjo, two E flat monstrosities, and a tenor horn were handed to the Bandsman by leading citizens of the district. Mr. James Stewart, Alderman Harvey, Mr. George Jay, and the Rev. James Hood. Amongst prayers that the new instruments might be played to the glory of God, and for the salvation of man, the gathering closed with the heart-felt singing of the Doxology.

Grace and Glory at the Garrison

THANKS, Mr. Editor, for your comments on my last notes. I think I understand. It's all very well being a veteran, but I'd rather be in training these days. We're not grumbling, we're having a glorious time. (So are we.—Ed.)

When we marched into a new classroom a few days ago, it was good to look forward to a real period of unbending training. We had thrown off the holiday feeling, we were (and are) determined to go for it everything which will make us "The Victors." We are not alone in our determination, for Brigadier Carter tells us "there are a few corners yet to be rounded off." But, that's what we care here for—so "we don't mind—no, we don't mind."

Those Exams with which they tried to spoil our Christmas holidays! They were not as hard as they might have been. Maybe, Ensign—congratulations! Peterson took pity on us. We like to think when the Principal and she got together they softened towards us I think we did fairly well.

One thing we are being trained in, Mr. Editor, is to speak "extemporaneously." That's a new word I've learnt here, and I hope I've the spelling all right. (Never mind the spelling, you just do it—oh, those sheaves of notes that some folks use!) • • •

Then we had another treat—the Commissioner's Spiritual Sunday with us. Riches in Scripture and song we found all throughout the day. During that Sunday afternoon our Provincial Party went over to the Provincial Jail; what a training episode it was! • • •

And now the Crusade! Some of us are going as far afield as Port Arthur and Dauphin—the lists have just been divulged; Brigade Prayer Meetings are now the order of the day. We're in all Crusade, we really are! We are all earnestly praying for a mighty manifestation of God's Holy Spirit through this Western Territory. We'll work and fight till Jesus comes.

(In Omnia Parasite)

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller—Special Events in Winnipeg

**WINNIPEG CENTRAL HOLINESS GATHERING—A "WHITE RELIGION" EXPOSITION
FAREWELL OF ADJUTANT AND MRS. McCAGHEY FOR U.S.A.**

IT WAS a novel and interesting announcement which brought us together for the second Meeting of this series; a goodly crowd was present, and it was evident that all had come anticipating a helpful time. The memory of last week's gathering was still upon us.

Staff-Captain Steele is no novice at innovations, and he had hit upon a method by which all could join in the singing—which has become such a feature of this particular Meeting. The songs and choruses—new and old—were thrown upon the sheet, and while at first the transitions from light to semi-darkness somewhat bewildered us, we soon found ourselves swinging along in our song, and, maybe, occasionally helped in our thoughtfulness by the concentration which was thus thrust upon us.

The subject for the Meeting—new and intriguing—was "Pure white lily religion," and it was not, therefore, surprising that we started with that good old song, "The Lily of the Valley," and it went with real sadness. Our prayers helped us, and so did the D.C.'s earlier piloting of the Meeting.

Mrs. Miller's Bible-reading, again from the illuminated sheet, was a study in emphatic phrasing. The right enunciation in the right place, especially in scripture reading, is an art that needs emphasising amongst us. Our response—verse by verse—came all the more readily, it seemed to us, because of the Leader's leading.

The Men of the Subscribers' Department

Major Cale has just returned from a journey around the Prairie Provinces during which he has called upon all the Officers of his Department. He tells us

that matters of importance were dealt with at each place, and that every "Subscribers man" is out to make this year the "Best Yet"! (We do not doubt it.—Ed.)

Arrangements are in hand for the development of the work in the rural districts, and for special Tag days at County Fairs. These are new ventures outside the Province of Manitoba, where they have proven so possible and profitable. The Major is keen on the thought that with the development of his Department, and the success of its operations, there also goes an extension of the spiritual and social operations of The Army throughout the Territory.

All who know the "Men of the Subscribers" know that their hearts would be set also on the Salvation Crusade. They are all full up with plans for their own "Ten Days"; they are not only money-getters; they are revivals as well. God bless them, and all who labor for the spreading of God's Kingdom on earth, no matter in what capacity.

What a pleasant surprise awaited me in the street car last Thursday night, going home after the Meeting. I found six young men Cadets there lustily singing choruses to the evensong enjoyed by the passengers on the conductor included.

The devil didn't like it though; a party of snowshoers got in the car during the journey and a storm threatened. The Cadets continued their singing in spite of opposition. The snowshoers party started songs of the "rah rah" type and for a minute they had the platform. Then the miracle happened; a girl snowshoer left their ranks and sat with the Cadets joining in with their singing with a lovely soprano voice. This was too much for the opposition and they all joined in with the Cadets singing heartily—B. Wade, Winnipeg Social Corps.

Just before the Chief Secretary rose to talk with us, we were singing together to the tune of, "This is my story."

*Glory is sweeping over my soul;
Jesus has made me perfectly whole;
Flowers are springing all, all abroad;
Lilies of beauty; flowers of God.*

and naturally we were thus prepared for the Word upon which the Colonel would base his remarks, but we were not altogether ready, perhaps, for the prepared manner in which we were to be led, step by step, towards that final "consideration."

Faith and Love Re-kindled

We reminded ourselves again and again—and were reminded—in how many ways our Lord used the common things of nature, and also her beauties, to give us fresh thoughts of Himself. We saw the beautiful flowers of the field in all their glory, and were told once more—and by the Holy Spirit—that as the Father of all good had given them their glory, so is He in the world today to give us of His glory; a glory which could far outshine even the glory of Solomon. A glory of the heavens amidst the commonplace of this present time, that was the inspiration which came to us.

We came to our final consecration in this spirit; singing and praying that we might be more and more like Jesus—"The lily of the valley" to our souls. And so once again our hopes of heaven were enforced; our desires to serve renewed; and our faith and love re-kindled.

These gatherings remind some of us of those good old days when Friday night was indeed communion night.

Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey Say Farewell to Canada

The Farewell Meeting of Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey at the Sherbrooke St. Corps was presided over by Colonel



Miller, the Chief Secretary on Monday evening last. Quite a number of interested folk were present as well as a goodly sprinkling of Officers including Staff-Captain Steele, the Divisional Com-

mander. The Band, under Secretary W. Stairs, was out practically in full force and rendered appropriate music.

Many interesting speeches were made by representative comrades during the evening and these included Adjutant Putt (T.H.Q.), Captain Lear (Winnipeg VIII), Ensign Ede (St. James), and Corps-Sergt.-Major C. Robson, all of whom spoke of the excellent influence which had been exerted by the farewelling Officers during their brief sojourn in the city.

Staff-Captain Steele added his tribute humorously reminding the Adjutant of a visit paid by him to his first appointment, Norland Castle, Ont., a Corps of by no means large dimensions, in a sparsely-settled district. This "wilderness experience" had helped considerably, no doubt, to make the Adjutant a man of calibre.

A pleasing and impressive little ceremony was then performed by the Adjutant in the dedication of the infant daughter of Bandsman and Mrs. Oxbury, following which the Adjutant and his wife gave their farewell messages.

The gathering closed with the farewelling Officers standing under The Army Flag, the Chief Secretary commanding them to God in their new sphere of labor—Oklahoma City, in the Southern U.S.A. Territory. Refreshments were served after the Meeting.

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Joy at Winnipeg Citadel

A Sunday rich in blessing and inspiration when memories were awakened and thoughts turned God-ward, was spent at Winnipeg with Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Joy "on deck." It is impossible, within the space at our disposal, to adequately report the happenings of the day; the evening Meeting itself calls for all the powers we have to tell sufficiently of the Colonel's recital of "Christian's Journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City" ("Pilgrim's Progress")—made even more effective by the adept choice of suitable music and songs on route. It carried every man, woman and child "even to the gates of the City," so vivid was the narrative.

Interesting though it was, one was prone to look back down the vista of years, along the "Road of Memories," journey down the long, long trail of remembrance to yesterday, and see ourselves as Christian, being mocked and beaten, as we ran from the City of Destruction. God's presence was indeed manifest and in the large audience there was scarcely one unthrilled when it was known that Christian had safely forded the River, and when the company of shining ones came out of the Gates to meet him.

Wider vision and passionate desire went hand in hand in the Holiness Meeting; the words of Peter, "Gird up the loins of your mind," commented upon by Mrs. Joy, and followed up by the Colonel's talk, "Where would we go if we left Jesus?" could not but have the desired result, more inspired service, and the determination, voiced by the poet, and approved by all Salvationists:

"And though all the world forsake Thee,
By Thy grace I will follow Thee."

Greatly appreciated also were the Band's various presentations at the Afternoon P.S.A., interspersed as they were by some of the Colonel's "own make" songs and choruses which timed to start a bleating and cheerfully singing. The reading of the story of "The Giant that would not stand Much for the World," by Mrs. Joy, brought in the fold at the close of the day, one of these the son of veteran Field Officers in the Old Land, and himself, at one time, a Deputy Bandmaster. One of the Bandsmen in his joy exclaimed, "Isn't it good to see him out there at the Mercy Seat? I have been after his soul for nearly twelve months." That's pertinacity, if you like!—J.R.W.

Mrs. General Booth's Great Campaign in the Star Hall, Manchester

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH spent New Year's Day at Manchester, and the following incident is reported in the British "Cry"—A professional man had travelled a long distance to hear Mrs. Booth, his "spiritual mother," at the Star Hall, where she conducted the day's campaign. After thirty years of abnormal whisky drinking, he was converted several months ago, "I rose up from the Penitent-Form," he declared emphatically, "a man freed from the taste of drink. I came here today for a blessing, and I have learned a great lesson. Mrs. Booth spoke this morning of an agricultural laborer who gave six shillings every week to The Army from his wages of thirty-six shillings. I spend on an average twenty-three shillings weekly on tobacco. From today, by the grace of God, I will do without tobacco." During the tea interval this comrade surrendered a large quantity of cigarettes he had brought with him.

The "Cry" further remarks, and there are many ex-Manchester people amongst us who will re-echo those sentiments:

THE CRUSADE! GOD WILLS IT!

From Vancouver—Greetings!

The Officers of Alberta, British Columbia, and Alaska are united in the spirit of the Great Crusade. Our Congress Meetings in Vancouver have puls'd with life and power, thus reflecting the happy whole-heartedness and impressive determination of all the Delegates.

The relating of victories won in lonely places has stimulated our zest, resulting in our pledging ourselves to increased endeavour. The impending Campaign has caught our imagination, and the Congress Gatherings have fanned our zeal into a white-hot enthusiasm.

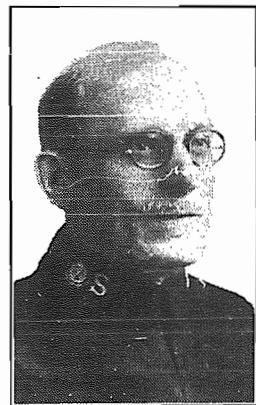
Great things and greater are to happen in these Western Provinces. The War is on, and with the advent of the Month of February and its intensive battling, faith is high, and it is certain that the fighting will be increasingly daring.

We believe that the Comrades of Manitoba and Saskatchewan will march in step with us; fight as we shall fight; and triumph as certainly as we shall triumph in the strength of our King.



Adjt. Cooper,
Regina

Forty-sixth Annual Congre



Lt.-Colonel G. L. Phillips (R.)
(Vancouver)

The Setting

It devolves upon us to reproduce the scenes of Congressional Salvation through which Vancouver has been passing during the last few days. There is so much about the great Capital of the British Pacific which is pleasing to sight and mind.

Think of it as it was, say, fifty years since, and one can visualize a Garden of God set amidst scenes of surpassing beauty, and in a climate singularly favored by the Heavenly Father—so it seems even to-day to some of our visitors. Think of it in these days and one begins to realize what man's energy and purpose can accomplish, especially when directed by that same Heavenly Father.

Think of it, again, as a City throbbing with commercial life, directed by keen men of affairs, determined that their fair town shall take no second-rate place in the polity of the Dominion. Or, think of it, as we most gladly do, as a mine of jewels for an eternal crown, as a place wherein men and women can preach the everlasting gospel, and be sure—ever sure—of the listening ears and ready hearts of thousands of eager souls.

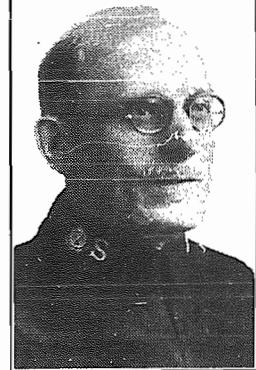
A place to be won for God and His Kingdom, a place where the "Blood and Fire" waves from morning to night, from night to morning; where God's mercies run for the whole twenty-four hours round. It were a sad day for some of its surging populace if it were otherwise.

The Gathering

During the past few days, however, as we were saying, until our pen ran away with us. The Salvation Army Forces



Major Jaynes, Men's Social District Officer, Vancouver



Mrs. Brigadier Layman

world, and rank make us as one wherever those front rank flags fly. Our Special Guests in their ranks. Our Veterans stepping it out with the best. The warriors from the lonely posts for once—shall we say—parading in a parade which those self-same posts have helped to create. Vancouver was out to see us, and we were out to see Vancouver. It is worth looking at, don't you think?

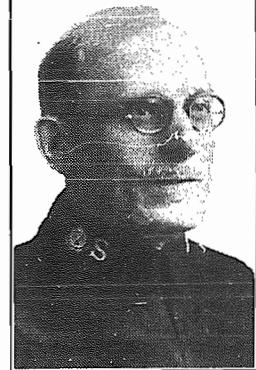
The Civic Reception

Away up Hastings to the City Hall where we were received by His Worship Mayor Louis Taylor, and where for the nonce we gave the traffic managers some anxious moments. The day is past when chief magistrates haled us to jail; when we were maltreated because of our street processions; when we scarce could lift our voices on the street air.

Well, why recall those days? Could one help doing so during those moments at the City Hall. When the Civic Dignitaries hailed us so graciously, and when His Worship gave us once more his personal and official recognition. Don't blame us if we felt a wee bit proud. "Not unto us Oh Lord, not unto us" was, and is, our cry of thankfulness.

The Soldiers Assembly

Where are we? Oh, Saturday night has arrived. This is "Our's". Can't you imagine that No. 1 Citadel packed to the doors and windows, so that one envies the room that even the supporting pillars take up. The air is as



have taken possession of the City in numbers far in excess of any previous record. From the plains of Alberta; from the inlets and fjords of Alaska; from the wooded valleys and mountains of British Columbia; from the stretches of Vancouver Island, the troops have come—Officers and Soldiers alike; Bandsmen and Local Officers; Juniors and Adherents; Canadians, Native Peoples, Britishers, etc., etc. They have marched in, trailed in, sailed in, trained in, all alike in their loyalty to the one endeavor and call—the claim of Jesus Christ and His Blood. A glorious gathering!

We wish we could present the scenes of these days to you so that you could actually realize all that has been done for us. With never a doubt of the blessing that awaited us; with never a doubt but that some of us—and some others—would renew their knowledge of God we came, and surely none have been disappointed.

The Preparation

It would be hard to say who worked the hardest that there should be no hitch in the arrangements. That all the incoming crowd should be happily and comfortably billeted. (Say, have you

memory to that lengthening list. There was enthusiasm by the—whatever measure it is measured by. Our own Divisional Leaders were there, flitting here and about; our veterans were with us; our visitors were with us; our spirited Field Secretary (Brigadier Taylor) and his cheerful wife were with us; but, and surely none will dispute it, most of all would we dwell on the fact that our own Commissioner and Mrs. Rich were with us.

The Commissioner makes a splendid leader of whatever kind of Meeting falls to his leadership, and he was in his element with us on Friday night—one of his elements, perhaps we ought to say. The Alberta Divisional Detachment had come in their pride and glory; proud of their Prairie lands; glorying in their mines of wealth and mighty herds. Staff-Captain Merritt knows just what would "put one over" Vancouver, and it was with a soulfulness which we will not otherwise designate, that he did it. Southern B.C.—"Our Own"—rich in the variations which our Province presents to the World—we vied with our visitors, and we do not think we were far behind—we will say no more.

A shiver went through our feelings, however, when we thought of what had

The General's Congress Message

My Comrades:

My heartiest congratulations on what God has done for The Army and you on the Pacific Coast, and in Alberta, Alaska, and all the parts from which you now come.

The death of dear Colonel Coombs challenges you all. You must dare all things, hope all things, and love without ceasing. Victory is sure!

Your Affectionate General,

BRAMWELL BOOTH.

ever been on billeting duty?) Who was in charge of the arrangements for the various programmes, that all should work with such ease and regularity; that there should be no perturbing pauses?

Who was in charge of the Bands, the Open-Air Meetings; the Marches; the Spectacular Items? Well, whoever they were, there will be no serious heartburnings if they are left unmentioned. We have an idea that faith and prayer work just as much towards happy fulfilment of some plans, as a lot of bother and perturbation. Is it not so? But whoever those men or women were, let them now go on their way rejoicing with those who, by reason of their labors, have come closer to God, and who know now, what they did not know last week, their sins forgiven.

The Congress Welcome

There was a joyous intimacy about our first gathering on Friday evening which is the hallmark of all gatherings of The Army church. The greetings and cheerios behind which lie months of weary toil and lonely plod, oh, if you're not near the bantier across the tables, oh, if you're not us, you cannot understand it. Just the relish before the Feast, maybe, but as appetising as such relishes always are.

There are not many Coast Salvationists who have not memories of some blessed times in "First United Church"; it has been our refuge-place many a time when we have been crowded out of house and home. Glorified Army Leaders have spoken to us there—do we not remember well some of them?

But our Delegates Welcome of Saturday night last added no small delightful

prevented our Northern and Alaskan Braves reaching us in time—blizzards and high seas—but we had a feeling they would turn up before we were much older. Major Carruthers was to have made his address of fealty in this Meeting; but he could have made it in no choicer terms than those with which the various speakers voiced their own.

Have you ever been to a Congress Welcome? Then you know something of the vocal rivalry that prevails, and will understand why we prepared a chorus which is worth singing all over our Territory. It goes to the tune of "Joyful, joyful will the meeting be":

*We are here with happy, thankful heart,
Fired with zeal and faith right from the
start,
Here for instruction,
Here to play our part
Out on the Battlefield.*

You try it for yourselves and you will find that it will just roll along.

But we must not linger longer on these preliminary scenes, vivid as they are in our vision; promising as they were to the glories of the morrows. Anyway, "First United" had lived up to all its Salvation Army traditions.

The Congress Parade

On Saturday afternoon we were out to show ourselves. No, that's not quite right. Out to show The Army to the people of a City who delight to do it honor. We gathered around by the C.P.R. Depot (Isn't that a vista of beauty one gets from there, you Prairie folk?) We moved off, flags going ahead, Bands drumming and urging us forward—those strains of music which circle the



Major Carruthers, Divisional Commander, Northern B.C. and Alaska

Vancouver's Celebration

Alaska Unite in Consecration and Salvation Scenes
Various Demonstrations---Forty-six Seekers



Brigadier Layman, Divisional Commander, Southern B.C.

chunks; the enthusiasm—raging; the folly—contagious; the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich and their following—just able to squeeze into their places on the platform. Keep on believing—one of these days we're going to have a place wherein we can find room for ourselves and our friends, without having to make the children stay at home.

Brotherly counsel again from some of the Visitors—counsel conveyed in prayer and song and address. Good to have with us those who can so deal out the Word of God.

But, here we have our Commissioner in another role. This time he is our Elder Brother. And not the recruitmaster brother of the Old Story—but the one who, happy in his own place in the Father's home, would keep all there, and welcome back all who have strayed.

Now here we did wish that our borders could have been enlarged. At the moment we did not pray the prayer of Jabez, but it would have been very appropriate. "Why," we sighed, "why couldn't we have crowded some old comrades in so that they could have 'come back' again?"

The jamb was too tight, to fit "end" case for taking notes; we could only thank God that nothing could stay our souls from "the enlarged desire," and that all God's rich words were for us.

And so away to our billets or homes, with hopes still further enkindled for the Day of Days before us.

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THE CONGRESS SUNDAY THE MORNING MEETING

When Vancouver gets that much talked-of City Auditorium, or we get our much-believed-for New Citadel, we may find a place worthier of Congress Days than the building which housed us for the Sunday. It had one saving arrangement, however, and that is, that it is not far from home—only just across the way. We were in the Empress Theatre—where we have been many a time before.

Did we omit to say that the Alaskan Braves had now arrived; having weathered the stormy blast, and having come to us with all that prideful Salvation vigor which is theirs in such plenty? Major Carruthers moved about as a well-known friend among them. Having them with us had made our joy complete, and we no longer need think of them as tossing about in Queen Charlotte's Sound, or some other watery treachery.

Mount Pleasant Band was contributing to the right atmosphere as we assembled; and that same sense of being in the House of God gradually stole over us, until we

had been to us so far? Demonstrator: Elder Brother; Expositor—this morning; and now this afternoon he is our Pictorial Publicist. We scarce could wait while our versatile Divisional Commander—Brigadier Layman—introduced our Chairman, and we at first thought we could hardly wait until the Chairman had sat down. But we beg Dr. Klink's pardon, for he did not speak long enough for us.

Culture and eloquence delightfully intermixed; a knowledge of Army history and purpose such as no statesman or educationalist can be without in these days. Leader of the educational life of our Province—he is the President of our Provincial University—he gave us a speech of praise which thrilled us, and yet filled us with the sense of our great individual responsibility.

Well—what about the Commissioner. He certainly "Won in the West." For over an hour, tale and thrill, humor and pathos, religion and rebuke. As it rolled on it rolled, but when his hour came to an end, it had been but ten minutes to some of us. "Winning in the West," indeed.

Followed then the Votes of Thanks—we had almost said the "usual Votes of



Brigadier Taylor, the Field Secretary

sincere. One of those who "toil with their own hands" and yet lead our Army forces onward. Fld.-Capt. Chester Worthington. It were impossible for us to repeat his words; we catch ourselves again and again for phrases which will describe the emotions which swept over our souls, and over the crowded house as he gave his humble testimony, and exhorted all to follow his Christ. "Oh, boundless Salvation," indeed, that can embrace all men.

What was it next? Solo or Selection? We cannot set it down. Mrs. Rich was sweetly urging in her words and readings, and welcome withal—as she always is with us. We wish we could have heard more of her during the days, but what we lacked from the platform, we felt personally as she moved about amongst us.

Now, what term do we apply to the Commissioner for this occasion. We had it in our minds to put him down "Evangelist"—but we would rather that we thought of him as a Pleader for us before God. We do not wish to lay ourselves open to the charge of exaggeration—but may we be allowed to say—we have had it endorsed by another comrade—that it gripped us!

Picture after picture flashed across our mind; old-time story became more real in our new-time setting and phrasing. The men and women of his illustrations moved across that stage with more reality than did or would the puppets of the previous or succeeding nights on that same stage. The drawing towards God took possession of us—moment by moment; and when we passed into the Prayer-Meeting and

(Continued on page 8)

The Hour Is Set---The Battle Is On!

A CHARGE TO THE TROOPS, BY THE COMMISSIONER

(By wire from Vancouver)

On the Eve of the Crusade every Salvationist in the Territory of Canada West is called to renewed Consecration to the glorious War in which we are engaged. How great will be the Victory if we throw ourselves into the Fray with that enthusiasm which must be generated by the full recognition of our Sacred Purpose.

Let no Comrade be under any misapprehension about the urgency of the Call to Arms. Let none of us underestimate the power of the Enemy. Let no one falter in the Battle. May the mighty Power of Him for Whom we fight be sought and secured by every unit in the Fighting Line. The hour is set; the Battle is the Lord's—we can, we must, we shall win!

CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

forgot the tawdry dinginess, and knew we were being led to the Holy Place. Again—prayers, songs, solos, readings—all in their order—we wish we had room and space and memory to mention them all. Then the Commissioner's appeal to us—to our better selves; to those who know God but do not always foregather with us—an appeal to them; and always that word which fits the strange phrase in the gate." Will it be set down for wrong, we wonder, if we confess that we were so far from home, and just a little anxious about our afternoon seat, that we did not set down the number who made a declaration of profit or desire that morning. Wait till we get through.

THE AFTERNOON MEETING

"Winning in the West"

It has been our happy pleasure to take part in many Army Demonstrations, and to see many arrays of Supporters, but we were not ashamed of our own display when we took our seats on Sunday afternoon, after something of a fight to secure it and retain it. Even the kindest of us were near our limit of endurance, and were to be blamed if we wanted a good seat for the afternoon. We wanted to see the play of conviction and consciousness on the faces of some of the hearers. We just wanted to see whether they appreciated The Army as we thought they should do.

We must be excused if we mention the Commissioner again; he was our Congressional Commander, and therefore entitled to all our attention, and entitled to some additional recognition. What

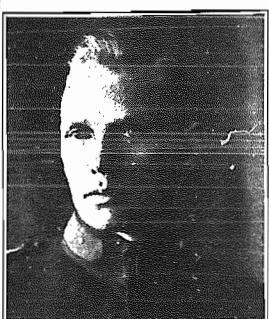
Thanks"; but that would have been incorrect. No, that's all right; the Votes were of the usual kind—hearty and spontaneous; but the Moving and the Seconding were—just eulogistic. Judge Murphy took the first duty, and Mr. Charles Woodward, M.L.A., the second. The hour was late—and we had visions of another struggle for a seat for the night Meeting, but their eloquence stayed our retreat; and so we were on hand when we rose with thankful hearts to sing, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings flow."

THE NIGHT BATTLE

Now that's just it—the night battle. We have taken part in a few such Salvation engagements in our time but we do not remember very many when we were thrilled more than on this occasion. Again, let me refer to the preliminary music. Grandview Band helped us there—but where all the Bands have helped in their turn, our No. 3 comrades will not expect an especial word of praise—though they deserve it.

The opening song—so reminiscent in its tune—so appealing in its oft-told phrasing. The prayers—which are such means of grace to those who "follow in prayer" as we were exhorted to do. Again the song and the solos—clearly enunciated—the message of the music losing none of its thrill tonight by reason of misunderstood words. We could almost turn aside here and devote ourselves for a few moments to the thoughts which here arise—but we must hurry on.

A sturdy Salvation figure was on the stage. He came from our Northern latitudes; he is a Salvation Brave—simply



Staff-Captain James Merritt, Divisional Commander, Alberta



Staff-Captain Bourne, Subscribers Department, Vancouver

Our BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS!

Losing a Bandmaster

The beginning of a Famous Musical Combination
as told by an Invalid Veteran



Our Occasional Talk

"Button-Holing"

THIS is not a Salvation Army story; we wish it were; it might then have additional, or sharpened point for some of us. But we pass it on in the hope that the re-telling may quicken our own conscience, and that the reading may help some of you. In The Army we would call it a tale of "button-holing," and as that is a term known amongst us—let it go at that.

A Year of No "Souls"

A dissatisfied minister once asked his Church officials to remain behind after the Sunday evening service was closed, and then said: "Brethren, I must make known to you what is in my heart. We have gone a whole year without a single conversion, and I feel that my usefulness has come to an end and that I ought to resign." They protested against this contemplated action, assuring him that they were well satisfied with his work. "But," he said, "we are saving no souls." Turning to one of the men he asked, "How long have you been a Christian?" "Twenty-eight years," was the reply. "How long have you been an officer of this Church?" "Seventeen years." "Do you believe that by your personal efforts a soul was ever saved?" "I do not know of one," was the reply.

A Soul for Jesus—or Resignation

After talking with each of the men and receiving similar replies, he said, "Now, brethren, unless we can bring at least one soul to Jesus within the next two weeks, I shall resign, and I think you men ought all to do likewise. We ought not to occupy the high offices we do unless we are soul-winners." At the suggestion of one of the men they knelt in prayer together before parting. The following morning one of the men, on reaching his store called the head clerk into his office and said, "George, you have been with me fourteen years and are the best man I ever had; I want to confess to you that I have not done my duty by you. I have known that you were not a Christian, but have never recommended my Saviour to you. I have been both unfaithful to Him and uninterested in you. If I may have your forgiveness I want in your presence to seek His."

"A Soul" and a "Soul-winner"

After further conversation the two men knelt in prayer. They arose from that prayer, one having become a Christian and the other a soul-winner. As they brushed the tears from their eyes the proprietor said, "Now, George, I want you to help me to lead the other men of the store to Jesus." They went to work, and before night eleven men in that one store were saved. The next Sunday morning thirty-one men came into the Church with new hope and presented themselves for membership.

And the point of the story? Well, surely, no intelligent Army Bandsman, Songster, or Soldier would miss that. The suggestion is so obvious.

There is a Scandinavian legend which says that high up in the north there stands a rock. It is a hundred miles high and a hundred miles wide. Once every thousand years a little bird comes to this rock to sharpen its beak. When the rock has thus been worn away, then a single year of eternity will have gone by.

"JUST wheel my chair o' the window," said the veteran; "it's time the Band was coming by!"

Sunday morning; not too bright, as to weather; but in the old Bandsman's heart sunshine shone. It leapt up in his eyes; it trickled across his face in a score of ways, until it flooded his countenance, submerging, for the moment, the indications of the years which had passed. A radiance which compelled tears in the onlooker clothed old John.

Good to Hear the Old Band

"Ah, my son," he jolted forth, "it does me good to hear the old Band. Not as it's very old now, being mostly boys, as I call 'em. A bit younger than I was when I started. O' course, we started late, but we caught up, right enough!"

"You ever hear how the Band began?" he continued. "Course every Band has to start, and it warn't perchance on the

brass and my 'banger' that was only common justice. I got into the way of whanging that drum every time one of the others left out a note—like the best man in the Irish wedding hitting heads as they came up in the scrumtime. It was a good noise, and a drumstick is handy in more ways than one, though a bass drum can get in the way.

Folks Set up a Protest

"Some of the folks wh' heard us set up a protest, claiming we ought to know something about music before being let loose upon an undeserving and innocent public, and perhaps they were right. In any case we thought we would try the suggestion, so we got a man to come and teach us two or three tunes. I'll say that for him, he did work hard, too. When he thought we'd got it right he let us go home—it was very late.

"The next Sunday, when we got ready



Let loose upon
the public.

lines we got today, nor so many. I member there were just a handful of us, and somebody up and said, "Let's have a Band." I dismember who said it, but he had the spirit of a pioneer, he had. That's the sort er chap what helped to make The Army. You know, the sort what's discontented; when a thing is done, wanting to do something else.

Convention Ruled the Roost

"Mind you, that's all right as long as he's finished the job off proply like, and with credit. He's got a sort of sanctified scratching inside him what keeps on irritating until he's on with the new love, as you might say. That sort took the Founder out of the places where convention ruled the roost, and it took The Army all round the world. And it will take it up to the Gates of Heaven, agitating all the way. Glory to God!"

Well, I got into with this idea of forming a Band, of which there warn't many in The Army, them days. And we raised enough money to buy half a dozen instruments, which were handed out by weight or measure, or both—I dunno that there was any rule to it. Anyhow I got t' drumb. Coo, you should 'a seen me!

"And we didn't have to carry any great weight of knowledge of music; seeing we were new to the hefty bits of

to turn out, he arrived, all got up in a dandy coat and a stove-pipe hat, silk it was; and he'd brought his cornet.

"I'll help," he says, and we came out of the Hall on to the street. Suddenly he went shy.

I'll March on the Sidewalk

"You march in the usual way," he says, "and I'll play my cornet on the sidewalk!"

"Of course it sounded funny, and it looked funnier. And the crowd, which had been waiting for us, saw the funny side of it. They roared.

"Haloo! Here's the Band. God bless you, boys. Eight ranks of five at this time o' day. Hallelujah! Look at that Flag; it does my old eyes good to see it fluttering from that tall staff. Ab, they're going to give me a tune. Yes, they often stop under my window to play my favorite. Righto, I'll beat time, Bandmaster," and he waved his hand while they played, and he sang in quavering accents:

I do believe, I will believe,

That Jesus died for me;

That on the Cross He shed His Blood,

And now He sets me free!

(Continued on column 4)

Enlarge Your Borders

A Hint for Songster Brigades

Wider notions are required as to what is the work of a Songster Brigade. By no means does singing a sat piece in a Meeting constitute the whole of the Brigade's responsibilities.

The Songster Brigade should lead the singing of the congregation in spirit, thought, precision, whole-heartedness; yet in some Brigades the members remain almost dumb during the singing of a congregational song.

Of course, if they are without song-books, like some Songsters we know, this need not be a cause for wonderment; only for sorrow.

Level of a Mere Choir

This goes very decidedly to show unfitness for a Songster's place, and leads the whole Brigade down to the level of a mere choir, for which we have really no more use in The Army than we have for steeples on our Halls.

The Brigade should be at least the main source from which the people learn new tunes for congregational use, and a host of new choruses should be set afloat in the Corps by Brigades which properly fill the bill.

As to Prayer Meetings, a Brigade should be an Officer's chief source of aid, in singing at a moment's notice appropriate songs and choruses, as well as taking part in praying or giving aid to penitents when seeking Salvation.

The Drum's Message

While out for a walk with her baby one Sunday evening, a woman heard the sound of The Army drum, and followed the Salvationists to the Hall. Although her husband had forbidden her to go to any religious gatherings, she entered the building.

During the Meeting she became convicted of sin, and as she rose to go forward to the Penitent-Form, a comrade offered to hold the baby. Thanking the Salvationist, however, the woman replied, "I am not only going to the Penitent-Form to seek Salvation myself, but I am also going to give my child to God!"

The Band Sergeant prayed that the sound of God might continue to rest upon the invalid veteran, and the young men answered, "Amen!" then off swung the Band on its way to the Holiness Meeting.

"Now, then, off you go, too," he said, turning to me. "Best Meeting of the day, the Holiness Meeting. Go and get a blessing, and, if you haven't sought it yet, get the Blessing!"

"Certainly, I'll go; but first finish your story."

"Forgot the last word. Where was I?"

"On the march with the ton-hatted leader marching on the pavement, and the crowd laughing all round you."

His Topper in the Gutter

"Laughing! You should a heard 'em! Well, he didn't get far before he was sent his topper rolling in the gutter. That annoyed the owner, who was not a Salvationist, remember, and he turned to express himself. Next thing he knew was picking himself out of the road, and reaching for his cornet and his hat. "True he had a good intention, and he had taught us two or three tunes; but that's how we lost our first Bandmaster!"

I came away thanking God for the pioneers in whose steps we have the honor to follow. May we be true to our high opportunity.

"Victory All Along the Line"

Calgary Citadel Corps aids Grace Hospital

Adjutant and Mrs. Junker. The Calgary Citadel Corps recently showed a commendable and joyful spirit by co-operating with the Grace Hospital in raising funds for the building of a splendid Institution. To this end a programme given efficiently by the Young People of the Corps was given at the Citadel; the proceeds from which were all sent to the hospital. The result was splendidly attended and proved a great success.

Dr. A. Aikenhead, who is on the medical staff of the Grace Hospital, and a ward of the Army, was present during the evening and spoke in glowing terms of the Hospital and the good work being done there. He paid a high tribute to the staff and equipment of the Institution.

The appeal for a good offering by the chairman was not received with the usual enthusiasm by the Junkers. The Corps Officer was able to hand a cheque amounting to \$600 to Adjutant Christie Knott, the Hospital Superintendent; this part of the programme being charged to the choir.

Dr. Aikenhead brought his evening to a close by congratulating all who had taken part in the programme.

WINNIPEG SOCIAL CORPS

The Winnipeg Social had a splendid meeting last Sunday night. The officers fairly shook as all joined in singing the old choruses. Had we not a

right to sing a joyful song unto our Saviour? We have had a most inspiring sight to see six souls of the Winnipeg Social claiming Jesus as their Saviour.

Mrs. Brigadier General Cummings gave a hearty address and Brigadier General Cummings had a short talk in an effective manner.

Conn'dt. Lawson gave a short talk. It is good to have an old friend retain his singing powers.

The Social were then in full force under the direction of Brother Bob Anderson, who so ungrudgingly gives his time and talents to our Corps.

After the singing, the Singers went into the next room and entertained the men. Major and Mrs. Haskins had charge of us there.—B.W.

COMMANDANT LAWSON

the Social sceptic

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INDIAN HEAD

Captain and Mrs. Leighton. On Sunday, Jan. 15, we had the pleasure of having with us Brother John Heenan of Abernethy; he lives a long distance from us, but comes to our Meetings, but when he does we enjoy his testimony to the keeping power of God. Last year Brother John presented the Corp with a fifty-five song book on the occasion of his birthday. He presented a belated Christmas gift to the Corp in the shape of a beautiful book, saying that he tried to get a copy of it, but had been unable to follow God more closely, so he had given it. Books would be the means of helping souls to seek Christ and salvation. A while ago he also gave the Corp a copy of "The Book of Life." We certainly appreciate his thoughtfulness, and pray that God will reward him.—Monitor.

WEDDED IN WINNIPEG

Songster E. Merritt and Brother A. Huime United in Matrimony

The musical forces of the Winnipeg Citadel Corps suffered a distinct loss when Songster Eva Merritt left Winnipeg for Saskatoon on Wednesday, Jan. 11.

The wedding, a simple, impressive affair, was conducted at the home of the bride's parents, Bro. and Mrs. Frank Carroll, the Winnipeg Citadel Commandant Carroll officiating. All the members of the bride's family were present with one exception. Staff-Captain Jim of Edmonton—the bridegroom's brother, Frank, having returned from Saskatoon, and a few close friends of the couple.

Mrs. Huime as is probably known, is the wife of the son of Bro. and Sister Merritt, and while her husband's accomplishments are not one whit behind the rest of the family, she will be missed from our ranks.

Bro. Merritt has given valued service to the Saskatoon Citadel Band for a number of years, and his efforts in giving The Army a large share of publicity through "The Saskatoon Star" will be missed. He is a member, have been greatly appreciated by the Adjutants and Field Officers who have from time to time been stationed at the Corps. We wish our comrades God's blessings.—J.H.W.

INNISFAIL

Captain McKay and Lieut. F. Morrison—We were fortunate in having Adjutant Jim of Edmonton to conduct the Musical Service for Colonel Coombs, held here recently. A large crowd gathered and truly the presence of God was felt. The Adjutant spoke most helpfully and we feel that his words were well received. Our hearts were stirred as spoke of our promoted comrade. Through the week we have come in contact with those who were at the Meeting and all have spoken of the much enjoyed by the Adjutant; we feel that seed has been sown which will spring up and bear much fruit.

Mercy-Drops at Medicine Hat

Spiritual Blessings descend on Gas City Comrades

Captains Stevenson and Littley. We have been having the mercy drops in reality at this Corp during the last week. For weeks we had been earnestly praying for the backsiders and unsaved who frequent the city. We have been especially encouraged on Tuesday night Cottage Meeting. There were twenty-six present, and from the very first, some we were conscious of God's presence. The Meeting was a long, short, earnest prayer ascended to God's Throne in quick succession a glorious scene was being enacted in the adjoining room. One young man (a backslider and a bad comrade) was on his knees crying to God to save his soul. There was a genuine ring of joy in the voices of the Soldiers as they sang, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

On the following Thursday another season of blessing was experienced, and at the close of the

Meeting another brother came forward for sanctification. This comrade has been a backslider for years, and on the Monday night preceding the above-mentioned Meeting, he had returned to the city. He had been invited to the cottage by the comrade who had dropped in to spend the evening with him, and the friendly visit ended in our brother's return to the fold.

We say from the depths of our hearts, "Praise God," not only for these victories, but also for Soldiers who will witness for the Master even while perishing.

On Sunday night Meeting we had the joy of seeing another surrender to God. This makes a total of sixteen seekers since the commencement of the year—some for Salvation, some for sanctification.

"Mercy drops round us are falling,

But for the showers we plead."

NORTH BATTLEFORD

Captain and Mrs. Chapman. Hailcupah! although our Corp has been sadly weakened by removing you, the Lord is my glad concern. His promises, the Word of God, are full power and blessing. Weekday Prayer-Meetings have been organized, and are being held at the homes of children. Already the influence is being felt, and results are being seen as a result.

And how far-reaching the effects of this may be.

In the last Sunday's Holiness Meeting a sister laid her burden of sin, and afterwards testified that she was glad to be able to return to the ranks of The Army, and that she was wonderfully happy. And so the Word of God is being preached. There are sounds of an approaching revival. The whole Corp is up and at it; the Salvation blood is flowing, and we are thirsty for souls. We are praying that God will give us wisdom and courage to shoulder our responsibilities. —I.M.

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THE CORPS AT LA PRAIRIE

Being the Epistles of Hephzibah Nott, School Teacher

A story of Western Canada



CHAPTER XIII

Jack Makes His Apologies
The Homestead,
Haventown.

Dear old girl:
I'm ever so sorry. I do hope you don't feel too bad about me. I know mother has given you a fairly full account of my wanderings and so you will know that it really was me that you saw on your wonderful Main Street. I wasn't quite sure it was you, until I saw you tell The Army girl to come and speak to me, and then, somehow or other, I jumped to the conclusion.

I don't think I should have come home quite so suddenly, but listening to your Army on that Sunday night reminded me of that man at the Hostel in Winnipeg and what he said, so I just hung about until the Wednesday afternoon and then I got on the train and left town. I didn't train it all the way, else I would have been home earlier, but I'm home. There's one thing about it—the eats here are good—better than old Skinfins Johns used to let his missus put up for us.

The Army is the Big Noise

Tell that Transfer man—Date—that is a good sort. He didn't know who I was, when he said "Good bless you," even when he said he couldn't give me a job. Say, don't he whack that drum? And have you heard him play his bassoon? I don't wonder The Army is the big noise in La Prairie!

I heard some of the chaps at the hotel talking about young Hector Crompton. They don't say anything bad about him, except that he has his eye on the new school teacher. Has he? I don't blame him, Effie. You have grown a fine young woman. Mother says write soon. She is pleased you've joined The Army, and so am I—they're a good lot. I wish they had a Band here. Isn't this a one-tank town?

Your loving brother,
Jack Nott,
"alias John Harvey."

* * *

"The Dell,"
La Prairie

Dearest Mums, Dad and Jack:
Isn't it just too good to be able to put Jack in as well. Tell him I've received his letter, an apology I suppose, he calls it. It came two days after your own delightful letter, and I am sure my heart said, "Hallelujah." That is what the Captain said when I told her the news.

But I wonder if you will mind very much if I do not write a long letter today. I am not feeling very well—my throat is bad, and my head aches. I do hope I'm not going to be sick: some of my scholars are down with diphtheria and the Trustees talk about closing the school. I must say Goodnight.

Your loving daughter
Effie Nott.

* * *

CHAPTER XIV

Effie's Collapse—The Epidemic
—Hector Speaks Out

"The Dell,"
La Prairie
December Ist

Dearest Ones:
It seems ages and ages since I wrote my last hurried note, but I know some of my good friends here have kept you well informed about me. I was feeling rather sick that day I wrote, I was ill, I was sick for something, but did not say so, but the Trustees had actually closed the school, and I was only waiting for a clean bill of health before I wired you to say I was coming home. That night I knew I wouldn't get it; it is a wonder you didn't catch anything from me in my letter.

Ma Crompton saw I was sick, and she phoned the doctor and almost before I knew where I was I was being whisked off to hospital. I was too bad to care what happened to me, but they took me

to the little isolation hospital they have for these municipalities, and there I was for several days, too ill to know anything.

The Nurses Were Kind

I am so glad you didn't attempt to come, for you could not have done anything, and you not feeling well yourself, and I don't know how those two men could get along without you. The nurses here were ever so kind; they looked after me like sisters, although poor dears, they were nearly run off their feet. There were some of my school children in with me, but I am glad to say that neither of the Kirk family were included. As may be expected, and as I suppose you know, "Skinfin" Wilson was an inmate with me, but the nurses refused to call him a "patient," they said they had all the work to do to keep him in bed. Another patient was that pathetic little morsel of humanity, Isaac Groszinsky—that little Polish boy I've told you about. He had a bad time, but is quite well again. After all, the scare wasn't so bad as the authorities thought it was going to be.

But it has kept me away from school for six weeks and run up a nice bill for

works away as hard and busy as ever; she says she wishes she could get a girl to help her, "only all the girls want town places these days" she says.

Gus has gone. The place doesn't seem the same without his cheery, cheery presence—but Pa said he could manage without him, and so got him a place with a neighbor. He is a steady young man, they say, since his escape at the Anglican Church, and follows Mr. Tickens, the Rector, in all his "joings—but I'm afraid—or rather I hope—he's Anglican deviation is waning. I saw him a few nights ago—the evening of my return home—and he said he wasn't sure now, whether he wouldn't be coming back to The Army.

The Army is Going Ahead

The Army is going ahead. They sent me lovely flowers at the hospital, and so did the church people. Mr. Dale used to call me up on the phone, until the Matron said she couldn't have me using it all the time. One Sunday the Band came round to play to us. I was getting better then. Mr. Dale was again in charge of the drum; he saw me looking out of the window, and



Hector, who had been very quiet, said suddenly —

somebody to pay. I don't think I should have to pay it all; perhaps somebody may come to an arrangement with somebody about it—and may one of those somebody be me.

I'm Starting for Home

As you see, I am back at The Dell for a few days. I am not going back to school—it has been decided to close up till after Christmas and this letter is to let you know that in a week from now I am starting for home—for home and you, all you dear ones. You will know that I've had all your letters, though I was not able to reply to any of them. You have certainly kept me well up to date with your news. I'm glad Jack—good old Jack—is settling down. It seems that his wandering has done him good. I am sure he is a relief to Dad. When I come home I'll be a relief to you—see if I don't.

Things are going well here at The Dell. Pa Crompton says he has had another good year, and seems quite pleased with himself. He talks about giving up the farm and taking a house down in the town. Hector is excited, and says now he may be able to go into Training for an Officer. Dennis seems to have grown during these last few weeks. Dear old Ma Crompton

gaily flourished the drum stick at me. It was very kind of them, don't you think? They played very well indeed.

As I say, The Army is going ahead. They've had a nice lot of conversations at the Hall, in fact I hear it has been quite a revival, and all the town is talking about it. It is a revival too in the other places of worship. One man, who used to run a pool room, is converted and has closed down his room. It has all come about, so I hear by the splendid way the Captain gets round amongst the people. Perhaps her own sorrows make her more mindful of other people who are in trouble, for certain it is, that no sooner does she or the Lieutenant hear of anybody being sick, than off they go to see if there is anything they can do. I should say there isn't a house in the town where they are not known and welcomed. The Lieutenant is a gay little woman, fond of a joke, but is a splendid help to her Captain.

The Real point of this Letter

And now, dearest parents, comes the real point of this letter. They say it is the art of good letter-writing to keep the news until the end. Well, it has been no art on my part. It has been because I didn't (and don't) know how to come to it. I'll make the plunge.

"MOTHER FLORENCE"

Our New Serial will start shortly. A Story of Old-Country Homes and Lanes; of New Country Vigour and Salvation; of the First Days of The Army in Canada; and of the struggles of those times. It will interest Old-timers and Young-Timers alike. Be ready for it. Tell your friends about it. (Profusely illustrated.)

Hector has proposed to me! I can't say I was quite surprised—and yet I was, and the more I think about it—the more I am. If I gave the matter any thought at all I fancied he was getting fond of the Lieutenant; but one evening at supper, he said—in the course of the conversation, "I don't think any fellow ought to take a girl out of the Work to marry her." "The Work," of course, meaning being an Army Officer.

I had been back at the Cromptons for a few days and, my word, it's different out there now that winter is on. Of course the house is warm and comfy but it's not such a nice drive down to town or such a pleasant walk, I should say, across to the schoolhouse (but I haven't that to do).

Poor, Guileless I

Anyway, I'm not much hurried, am I, in getting on with my love affair? The Army had a special Meeting on the Monday night. The Captain was anxious I should go, and so was Hector, I noticed. The new car was got out—a fine timer of the year to invest in a new car—and Hector and I—poor, guileless I—went off to enjoy ourselves. So we did, for the Meeting was real good; and the D.C.M. Major Irons being there. I was especially introduced to him!

We started our homeward journey. I talked about the Meeting, and presently Hector, who had been very quiet, said suddenly:

"Are you going to be an Army Officer, Effie?"

"That's for The Army to say," said I. "but I would very much like to."

"Would your people mind?" said my companion.

"Oh," said I, "I think they're quite come round to the idea, if ever they were opposed to it."

"Say, Effie," and before I knew it almost, his hand was on my arm and the car was slowing down. "Would you mind it very much if I told you I loved you? You don't mind, do you?"

What Could I Say?

What could I say? He did and said it just in his usual quiet, gentlemanly manner, and really, beloved, I do like him, and the more I think about what he said, the more do I like him, but I've made up my mind on one point and that I'm sticking to it.

"Hector, I said I, and I could smile, almost, to myself at the matronly way I answered him, and yet the answer came to me in spite of myself—"Hector, I have had one call tonight, just now while we've been speaking to each other. I've had my call to follow God in The Army, and if I can do that, and at the same time do what you want me to do; well all right, but I think both of us will do well to follow God first."

It was a confused speech, and not very lover-like, but Hector said little more, except, "I guess you're right, but you'll let me tell my people I've spoken to you?" And at that he spurned up the car and we were soon indoors.

I've told it very lamely, haven't I, and in a few days I'll be home and able to tell you more, but I feel, dearest ones, that a greater call than earthly love is in my ears. I am not writing any more.

Your own loving
but trusting girl,
Effie.

Next Week—"Effie Leaves The Dell!"

SWIFT CURRENT

(By WIRE)

Wonderful meeting of the Holy Spirit in Soldiers' Meeting tonight—Wednesday. Seven seekers for restoration and all for sanctification: much struggle, but Devil cutwitted. Comrades fought until every one present in possession of personal salvation. Meeting closed at eleven p.m. with all singing "All my days and all my hours." Hallelujah—J.I.K.

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRIES DEPARTMENT, 317-317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars \$3.00 extra.

1800—Harry Edward Branch. Last heard of in Vancouver in 1926 working as official longshoreman (wheat trimmer). Relatives enquiring.

1825—Edwin Larson. Age 34, height 5 ft. 2 in., light hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, miner by trade; last heard from in 1923.

1783—Harry Farrow. Age 55, not very tall, medium brown hair, blue grey eyes, fresh complexion. Wife enquiring.

1791—Sam Woodcock. Age 44, height 5 ft. 5 in., dark hair, dark eyes, fair complexion, farmer native of Leicestershire, England. Last known address, Cypress River.

1844—Mike Gaeh. Age 23, tall, fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last heard from 1922. Mother very worried and longs for news. (See photo)



Mike Gaeh

extremely anxious to hear from son.

1883—John Ingelbrechtin. Age 20, medium height, blue eyes, about 32 years ago was a shoe-maker in Vancouver. Sister enquiring.

1852—John Kjelstad. Age 35, brown hair, blue eyes, Kjelstad. Last known address 225 King Street, Winnipeg. Legency left him by father and an aunt—communicate this.

1882—John Olsen Bryn. Age 24, Norwegian, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes. Last heard from in Winnipeg in 1926. Father seeking information.

1803—John Thompson McRae. Age 47, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair, grey eyes, fresh complexion, soldier, native of County Antrim, Belfast, Ireland. Brother anxious for information.

1859—Arthur Sigstad. Age 26, medium height, blonde hair, blue eyes, last heard from in Winnipeg. 1926. Friends desire to locate. (See photo)



Arthur S. Reistad

1889—Carl Eric Bertil Hjertstedt. Age 25, last heard from in Laura Street, Winnipeg, 1926. Worked in radio factory. Brother enquiring.

1868—John S. Smith. Age 45, height 5 ft. fair complexion, born in Birmingham, England. Lost right arm, working in shipyard. Mother anxiously enquires.

1893—William Droz. Age 37, medium height, dark hair, blue eyes. Swiss, supposed to be working on railway or boats either in Winnipeg or Varzouer. Should this meet the eye, please communicate.

1865—Henry William Carpenter. Age 56, height 5 ft. 11 in., black hair, blue eyes, medium complexion, born in Sitteringham, Kent. Last heard of in British Columbia. Sister enquires.

1816—George A. Morgan. Contractor, Regina, missing since Sept. 1926. Age 54, dark brown hair, dark eyes, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight about 160 lbs. Last seen in Swift Current, Sask. Wife very anxious for news. (See photo)



1433—William Herbert. Age 54, height 5 ft. 7 in., dark hair (probably grey), dark brown eyes, ruddy complexion, born in Edenton, Alta. Brother and Sister anxiously enquiring.

1852—John Fitzgerald. Age 56, height 5 ft. 8 in., light brown hair, light eyes, light complexion, thin, occupation unknown. Last heard from in Winnipeg. Sister very anxious to hear from.

1831—Peder Martin Hansen. Born in Keldstrup, Denmark. Age 33, medium height and blonde hair, brother enquiring.

1779—Marion Armstrong—Johnson—alias Nilson. Last heard of 12 years ago in Vancouver, B.C. Sister anxious for news.

29 DAYS

Salvation Crusade

FROM THE LAKES TO THE COAST

During the Month of February

See Local Corps Announcements

1838—Chris. J. Heestad. Last heard of in touch with him.

1851—Ormond Richard Lowther. Age 39, height 5 ft. 9 in., fair complexion, light brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard from for news.

1888—Stener Petersen Kleiven—alias Stener Fieldborg. Age 71. Last heard of at Claverdo, B.C. Brother anxious for news.

1834—Anton Amundsen. Age 60, medium height, blonde hair, mason by trade; last heard from in 1914. Son desires to locate.

1900—Thomas Lee—Son of Edward and Hannah Lee (nee Bagnall). Left County Westmeath, Ireland, about the year 1874 and went to America. His or the address of his descendants is urgently required in connection with him. His sister Elizabeth, beth, of Australia, urgently inquires.

1754—Edward Egan—Irish, last known address Lothair, Man. Baker by occupation. Sister enquiring.

1864—Ivy Woolf. Age 19, height 5 ft. 5, dark hair, brown eyes, native of London (Shepherd Bush), thought to be residing with sister.

The Army still believes in Hell

A Re-statement of our Doctrines

IT SEEMS to us that, in connection with our Salvation Crusade it is not altogether out of place for us to make a restatement of our doctrines. We have certain foundation beliefs which we insist shall be observed by all who name themselves as Salvationists.

They are founded upon Bible teaching. We think they were reasonably and wisely compiled by our Founder. They are part of our Foundation Deed and cannot be altered—for us as an Army. We do not see any reason why they should be.

Punishment for Sin

The Army still believes in hell. We most positively do. But when the Salvationist is asked whether hell is a literal fire, mental distress or spiritual torture, he states that he neither knows nor cares. The question does not interest him. *He is not going there.* Similarly the Salvationist holds that God does not and will not send anyone to hell. Men go there of their own volition, and just as surely as one walking over a precipice will fall below and kill himself, or putting out his eyes will be blind, so certainly and naturally there must and will be punishment for sin.

Jesus the Only Saviour

All such questions as these recede into the background when it is realised that he neither what it may, the Almighty God has made a way of escape from it. The whole issue in the end turns on the acceptance or rejection of Jesus Christ as man's individual Saviour. Nothing and no one else can redeem from the doom of which the Bible speaks so plainly.

To sum up, The Army believes in the inspiration of the Scriptures, the fall of man, the redeeming and restoring work of Jesus Christ, a coming judgment, the eternal damnation of the wicked and the everlasting happiness of the righteous.

Confidence in the Old Theology

It is as some have suggested, that such a theology is one thousand years old. It is quite that. Indeed it is two thousand years old and more, and yet it is wondrously up-to-date. The Army intends still to preach it and not to be involved in the failure and loss which have arisen as a result of allowing the man-in-the-pew—to say nothing of the man-in-the-street—to make his own theology and create his own God. Having more or less been allowed to do so he is ending by despising both.

SALVATIONISTS!

Do all your actions reveal that you believe the Truth of God?

Heaven is for the Saved

Coming Events
The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colonel Miller

Winnipeg Citadel, Sat., Sun., Feb. 4-5; Kildonan Home, Mon., Feb. 6, North Winnipeg, Tues., Feb. 7; Weston, Wed., Feb. 8; Norwood, Thurs., Feb. 9; Sherbrooke St., Fri., Feb. 10; St. James, Sat.-Sun., Feb. 11-12; Winnipeg Men's Hostel, Mon., Feb. 13.

LT-COLONEL SIMS: Edmonton, Sat.-Wed., Feb. 4-6.

LT-COLONEL JOY: Saskatoon I, Sun.-Mon., Feb. 4-5; Saskatoon II, Sat.-Sun., Feb. 11-12.

LT-COLONEL DICKERSON: Medicine Hat, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-6; Winnipeg Hostel, Sun., Feb. 12. (Mrs. Dickerson accompanying, Wpg.)

BRIGADIER B. TAYLOR (Field Secretary): St. James, Sat., Sun., Feb. 4-5; Winnipeg VIII, Tues., Feb. 6; Sherbrooke St., Wed., Feb. 7; Fort Rouge Thurs., Feb. 8; Elmwood, Fri., Feb. 9; Winnipeg Citadel, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 10-12.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. CARTER: Brandon, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-13.

BRIGADIER SMITH: Fort Frances, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-13.

BRIGADIER GOSLING: Humboldt, Feb. 4-5; Prince Albert, Feb. 11-12; North Battleford, Feb. 15-16; Wabrous, Feb. 18-19; Biggar, Feb. 22-23; Saskatoon, Feb., Feb. 25-26.

BRIGADIER MERRETT: Dauphin, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-13.

BRIGADIER ALLEN: Moose Jaw, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-13.

MAJOR OAKE: Port Arthur, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-13.

STAFF-CAPTAIN STEELE: Brandon, Sun.-Mon., Feb. 5-6; Virden, Tues., Feb. 7; Winnipeg VIII, Wed., Feb. 8*; Winnipeg II, Thurs., Feb. 9*; Winnipeg I, Fri., Feb. 10*; Port Arthur and Fort William, Sat.-Tues., Feb. 11-14.

*Mrs. Steele accompanies.

MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN STEELE: Weston, Sun., Feb. 5; Flinwood, Mon., Feb. 6; Winnipeg IV, Tues., Feb. 7; Sherbrooke St., Sat., Sun., Feb. 11-12; St. James, Mon., Feb. 13; Norwood, Tues., Feb. 14.

1849—Jorgen Andreassen, Age 45, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, farmer, married, 1870, wife deceased, son for crew.

1839—Robert Walter Killam—all Robert Walton. Age 55, dark hair, sandy moustache, blue grey eyes, height 5 ft. 10, scar on side of face, wears both arms, walks lame. Son deceased.

1866—Nila Nilson. Age 61, height 5 ft. 11, weight 160 lbs. Dark hair, married, wife deceased. Loses one finger, lame, family home destroyed in the elbow, stooped when walking. Roman nose. Charles Nilson enquiring.

Special to our Farmer Readers

FARM HELP

We have a limited number of young men for farm work, apply now to:

STAFF-CAPTAIN WEEKS,
THE SALVATION ARMY IMMIGRATION
DEPARTMENT
241 Balmoral St. - Winnipeg Man.

For Sale

Concert Marimaphone, silver steel, 4 octaves chromatic, by Deagan, Chicago. Beautiful instrument. Used either by one or two players, or as solo, with piano or other accompaniment. Packed in special trunk. Price sacrificed. Apply Envoy W. A. Hawley, 830 Third Ave. West, Calgary, Alta.

For Sale—A "Washburn" guitar with Hawaiian attachment, in splendid condition. Also good leather case. Value \$30. What offers? Apply E. B. e-Editor, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg.